

The Tragedie of Hamlet

will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord
of the matter, these good fellows will bring thee where I am,
Rosencrans and *Guildesterne* hold their course for *England*, of them
I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knowest thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I will make you way for these your Letters,
And doo't the speedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

Exeunt.

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seale,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father slaine
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceed not against these seates
So criminall and so capitall in nature,
As by your safetie, greatnesse, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd vp.

King. O for two speciall reasons
Which may to you perhaps seeme much vnfinow'd,
But yet to me thar strong, the *Queene* his mother
Liues almost by his lookes, and for my selfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is so concliue to my life and soule,
That as the starre mooues not but in his Sphere
I could not but by her: the other motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his fautes in their affection,
Worke like the Spring that turneth wood to stone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, so that my arrowes
Too slightly timbered for so loued armes,
VVould haue reuerted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aim'd them.

Laer. And so I haue a noble father lost,
A sister driuen into desperate termes,
VVhose worth, if praises may goe backe againe

Stood

Prince of Denmark

Stood challenger on mount
For her perfections, but my

King. Breake not your flo
That we are made of stuf
That we can let our beard
And thinke it pastime, you
I lou'd your father, and we
And that I hope will teach y

Enter a Messenger.

Messen. These to your Ma

King. From *Hamlet*, wh

Messen. Sailers my Lord
They were giuen me by *Cl*
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes* you shall h
High and mighty, you sha
dome, to morrow shall I be
I shall, first asking you pard
my sudden returne.

King. What should this
Or is it some abuse, and no

Laer. Know you the han

King. Tis *Hamlets* chara
And in a postscript here he f
Can you deuise me?

Laer. I am lost in it my
It warms the very sicknesse
That I liue and tell him to
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so *Laertes*,
As how should it be so, how
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. I my Lord, so you

King. To thine owne pe
As liking not his Voyage,
No more to vndertake it, I
To an exploite, now ripe in
Vnder the which he shall n